

"Marie not worthy?"

"I have never thought of you but as a brother; yet, if you will have patience I will try to love you."

"Oh, my darling! try—try."

"I will, Pierre; it ought not to be hard, you are so good."

Marie smiled up at him through her tears and he was happy.

"Jack, I'm in a scrape again."

"Another scrape, Godfrey? Are you ever going to get out of them? Who is the girl?"

"Don't try to be epigrammatic, Johnny, my boy; it isn't in your line at all. Well, the worst part of the matter is, that I hadn't an inkling of it till to-day: it seems everyone has been betrothing me to Mary Hapscott. Aunt spoke of it this morning, and when I assured her I cared nothing for Mary, she declared that I had acted very badly, and given the world and her reason to think I loved her. It is absurd! perfectly absurd! I like Miss Hapscott as a bright amusing woman, but I never gave her the slightest reason to suppose that I loved her. I never intend to marry her, and have often told her so, not for her benefit, of course, but in the run of conversation. Who would say such a thing to the woman beloved?"

Godfrey Garth walked up and down the room in a state of excitement, while his brother Jack, who had but just returned from a long absence, smoked his Havana in amused silence. When Godfrey had finished he said:

"It is the old story, boy; you talk to women in such a confoundedly loving manner as if they were all the world to you, that I wonder you haven't an annual breach-of-promise case on your hands. I saw you once gazing on Miss Hapscott as if you were trying to read her soul, and all the while I knew you were only just admiring her beautiful eyes. By the way, Godfrey, what about this little country girl?" continued Jack.

"What little country girl?"

"Why, Marcy, in one of his letters, told me you had been playing Good Samaritan in the backwoods, and hinted that there was a nymph in the woods, too."

"Oh, poor Pierre! I must tell you about that, Jack; it is one of the pleasantest incidents that ever befall me. I never thought I was good for much till that happened."

"But the nymph?"

"Little Marie! what about her?"

"Well, I heard you were ruminating, and that there was a pretty girl in the question."

"There was a pretty girl, a very pretty girl, and as nice as she was pretty."

"Who was in love with you, Marcy said?"

"Nonsense!"

"Miss Hapscott says so, too."

"What! ridiculous! Marie thought of no one but Pierre."

"But Miss Hapscott says she met Marie in the city, and from the way in which she spoke of you, she is convinced she loves you."

"Well, I hope she don't, poor little thing, but it is remarkably like Miss Hapscott to set the rumor afloat."

"Well, let us hope it is not true; but for Heaven's sake, Godfrey, try and avoid that sympathetic way you have with women, or you'll be forever in hot water."

"Can't help it, Jack. I never willingly said more than I meant to a woman in my life."

"No, it is the way you say it, you clown!"

Godfrey was in the neighbourhood of the Ribards some months later, and calling, found Pierre quite himself again. Pierre overflowing with gratitude, called his wife, little Marie, who joined her thanks with those of her husband.

Godfrey, who had heard so much about his woodland conquest that he had begun almost to believe it himself, was surprised, a little piqued perhaps, to find Marie a happy and loving wife, but his true, manly feeling asserted itself at once, and he felt nothing but gladness in thinking everyone had been mistaken. But when she gleefully told him that Pierre was going to live in Quebec, next fall, he knew she had attained her heart's simple desire, and that he saw before him one of the happiest of couples; and he was glad to think it was so largely owing to him that it was so.

A NEW POET.

It is always with a sentiment of grateful pleasure that we salute the appearance of a new votary of the Muses. But our gratification is immeasurably enhanced when the rising poet is a resident of the Dominion. Our literature is so scant, both in quality and quantity, that any accession to it must perforce recommend itself to the consideration of the critic and the newspaper reviewer. Talent is considerable enough among us, but genius is almost unknown, and hence when a true genius appears we should all join in acclaiming his advent. These are the feelings with which we announce to our readers the name of Amos Pitt, who has just published a series of poems under the title of "The Victory and the Golden Harp of Palestine." Mr. Pitt is also the author of the "Devil Defeated," but we have not been favored with a copy of that work, and hence must confine our estimate of him to the volume before us.

The key-note of the poem is struck in the "Lamentations."

Oh! when shall come the morning when all clouds have passed away?
And Israel's kingdom again restored in the great Messiah's day;
Will God fulfil his promises to his own prophetic race?
The Abrahamic covenant now empty, void and waste.

The Abrahamic covenant is one about which much may be said in sorrow, and the author is perfectly right in lamenting that our hard, materialistic age should have so far forgotten its teachings and its obligations. But we may not wholly despond. The poet's mission is to elevate and cheer. To the tune of "Beautiful Star" we are made to sing:—

Beautiful day in Palestine,
Rich verdure in a healthful clime,
Kings and priests, and prophets there,
Enjoying rich blessings—no dull care.
Beautiful day, beautiful day.

Many of our most noted poets—Heavyside and Reade in especial—have drawn some of their finest inspirations from the Biblical pages, and Amos Pitt, although his vein is distinctively his own, derives several of his best poems from the same fountain-head. His peculiarity, however, is that he applies Scripture truths directly to our own times, thus giving them a force of realism which adds much to their power and usefulness. Unfortunately our limited space will not allow us to dwell more fully on this phase of his work.

We turn with delight to some of the lesser poems. The author has marked versatility, both in the choice of subjects and in the manipulation of metre. The acrostic is a particular favorite of his, and we select the following example, not because it is the best by any means, but on account of the dignity of the subject:—

THE DEVIL.

(Acrostic.)

The Devil of Saul, or of the haughty Goliath and Jordan's Nile,
Have eeded the fall, with vinegar and gall, capacious and vile;
Every time he appears, is a kind privateer; powers un-
restrained.

Defeated with cheer, in one hemisphere, mightily blessed
Evils combine, have no right to define, nor yet to reveal.
Vile, on it shine, through the ages of time, in woe or in
weal.

If wisdom is folly, or bright melancholy, in wordly
state,
Let our rulers be jolly, and dine out with Folly, loving
to pate.

It is notorious to those who have ever attempted verse—alas! that so many of us, utterly un-qualified, should make the futile attempt—that the ballad is a very difficult performance, precisely on account of its insidious simplicity. There, if anywhere, the poet must learn the secret—*ars celare artem*. We leave our intelligent readers to judge of Amos Pitt's success. We are especially told that this ballad was "written by request."

ADIEU.

A record of Robert John Jameson,
He scarcely lived three years;
His spirit has fled, and he is gone,
And we bade him in tears.

Life is a shadow, and the foe
Disposed of our little boy John;
A letter we sent to "Ontario,"
Off where his father had gone.

His life's fleeting joys are past,
And free from trouble he's gone;
In sickness his anchor was cast,
And his parents left weeping for John.

The thread of life now is severed;
His mother with an aching heart;
To his father, in black was delivered
A letter, which pierced like a dart.

Notwithstanding the exiguity of our space, which we more than ever deplore on this occasion, we cannot forego the pleasure to ourselves and readers of reproducing the following lyric, addressed to Hamilton, where the author lives, and where his poems were printed:

THE AMBITIOUS CITY.

A bonny town is Hamilton,
Near to its mountain brow,
Cheers give for bonny Hamilton,
Ontario near it flows.
The Manufactories are so fine,
Rise swelling in my eyes,
And on the lawn at No. nine,
The house I highly prize.

A visit to its honor'd brow,
Beneath the shady trees,
We pledge each other's loving vow,
All in the autumn breeze,
High up the steps we do ascend,
With customs fond delight,
The steps of life our feet must wend,
To make our future bright.

By the Gare on Saturday night,
We travel east and west,
Or travel out upon the height
To get refreshing rest.
We have the pleasures of the band,
That of the volunteer,
The British are united, and
Saint Patrick's greet our ear.

By steam the sparrows brave'd the shore,
From of the British isle,
And make their home upon the Gore,
To greet them with a smile,
A ride upon our city car,
To fond remembrance bring,
Our bon companions from afar,
And time is on the wing.

God speed the truth in Hamilton,
The maids are fresh and fair;
In honour shall their future be,
A graciously portion wear,
A family circle to sustain,
And faithfully attend
To household duties with the bairn,
A true and trusty friend.

In reviewing poetical works, it is a habit of ours to pounce on tidbits, delicious scraps, scattered here and there, which the writer seems to make nothing of, but which frequently contain the essence of his genius. We have room for only two:

ZION.

(Acrostic.)

Zion is the mount of the high on,
It is hold in store for the cry on,
O'er the at the Lord hath his eye on,
Now let us be fit for the cry on.

And here is the other:

INSCRIPTION.

A mortal lay beneath this clay,
In or out of season.
A perfect say, on Judgment Day,
Will restore my reason.

With the hope contained in the last line we heartily agree. In taking a reluctant leave of these poems, to which we feel that we have not done justice, we may observe, as doubtless our readers have observed, that there are some eccentricities of spelling, syntax, and punctuation which we have religiously retained, however, as distinctive proofs of the author's towering superiority.

THE LATE REV. WM. SMART, OF BROCKVILLE, ONT.

The subject of this article was not renowned either for learning or eloquence. But he was "a good man," which is infinitely better than the possession of one or other or both of the qualities just mentioned. After "he had in his own age served the will of God," he last year "fell in sleep, and was laid unto his fathers." He has come to his grave "in a full age, like as a shock of corn cometh in his season." He began his labours in Canada in 1811, and, therefore, in his death another link between the present and the stirring times of "the war of '12" has passed away. No doubt, he was able to tell many an interesting story of his travels when the part of Ontario where he laboured, which is now such a scene of activity, was almost an unbroken wilderness. The following slight sketch of his life is taken from the *Presbyterian Record for the Dominion of Canada*:—

"The mention of his name carries our memories a long way back, and links us with a past generation. Mr. Smart was educated for the ministry of the Congregational Church in England, and was ordained in 1810, with the view of going to the West Indies, but a higher power ordained that he should come to Canada. He arrived at Brockville in 1811, and for a number of years he itinerated in all the settlements between Cornwall and Kingston, a distance of nearly 100 miles, receiving for his services a very slender income in addition to a small allowance from Government. In 1840, Mr. Smart, with others from the United Synod of Upper Canada, connected himself with the Church of Scotland in this country. In 1844, he connected himself with the Free Church party. He has left behind him an unsullied reputation, and an honored name as a faithful minister of the Gospel."

To the foregoing we would add the two following interesting particulars regarding Mr. Smart. The second we give in the words of a correspondent of the *British American Presbyterian*.

Mr. Smart opened a Sabbath-school in Brockville, on the second Sabbath of October, 1811, of which the late Sheriff Adiel Sherwood was the first superintendent, and the late Dr. Holden, of Belleville, was one of the earlier teachers. This, Mr. Smart claimed as the first Protestant Sabbath-school established in old Canada.

"During the war of 1812, a gang was formed for the purpose of selling horses to the belligerents, and for this object horses stolen on the Canadian side were sold to United States parties and *vice versa*. When peace was proclaimed, those men, many of whom were well-known, returned to their homes, imagining that the articles of peace covered their acts during the war. A man named Mattison, who had thus returned, was arrested, convicted, and sentenced to be hanged. Being known and otherwise respected, much interest was manifested in his favour. Telegraphs, railroads, steamboats, macadamized roads were not, and before a petition could be circulated, the day of execution was at hand. How to delay the execution was the absorbing question in the community. Mr. Smart was exceedingly interested in the matter. He dreamed, and this was the dream. He was in the Old Bailey, London. There was a man on trial for horse-stealing. After the trial, conversing with the Judge about the safeguard, afforded by even the forms of law, the Judge remarked that the calendar on which the sentences were recorded must be signed by himself. Awakening and acting upon the hint thus given, Mr. Smart found that in the hurry of leaving, the Judge in the Mattison case had omitted to affix his signature; the execution was stayed, and eventually the man was reprieved. Mr. Smart did not relate his dream until several years after, when he visited the Old Bailey, and found the place exactly as it had appeared in his dream. What mere natural causes will account for that dream which is recorded in Mr. Smart's own handwriting? Can we eliminate Providence therein?"

EPHEMERIDES.

A friendly correspondent in Manitoba sends a little budget of news from that distant land. It seems that, as with us, the winter has been very fine, although the thermometer has sometimes registered as low as 40 below zero. Is the gentleman quite sure of that? A veteran meteorologist of this city challenges an authenticated record of any such temperature within our isothermal lines. But however that may be, the weather has been propitious to the half-breeds, among whom weddings have been frequent this winter. It is further stated that the buffalo hunt has been unusually good, the animals coming in very near the settlements, several having been killed within three or four

miles of Battle River. The crops were badly damaged last summer, and the wheat, more especially, suffered. Still the yield of grain was good and the range of prices quite remunerative. Owing to the number of buffaloes killed last fall, beef is not in great demand, but sells readily at \$12.50 per cwt.

Literary men, and especially newspaper men, are generally not favored with this world's goods, and sore are the trials which they experience in getting that amount and quality of literature which is the very nourishment of their souls. Books they must have—not the current trash of the day, but works with the marrow of thought in them, whence there is information to be gathered, and such sweet comfort as the jaded mind requires after the wearing drudgery of the day. To such men the second-hand book-store is a temple, where they stop to refresh themselves, and where, when they can strike a bargain, they are as happy as lords. These old stalls are comparatively unknown in this new country, and the typical second-hand dealer can hardly be said to exist. Still most of us have known one who comes up to the ideal, and I think of him to-day because I am told that we are soon to be deprived of his pleasant face. They say he is going to California. Not surely to make money there, Michael Healy? You have managed to keep up stiff prices here, and done well thereby. White-haired and beardless, Mr. Healy looks older than he is. He has not yet reached the age of fifty. He combines the school-master with the book-worm. Voluble in speech, he entertains you with stories while you are examining a book, and trying not to listen. He taught in this city, at a time when McGill College was not in a position to pay more than \$400 a year to its head-professors. *Tempora mutantur*, but Healy has not changed. If he really must go to the Western land, he should first call a meeting of all his old customers and give them the first pick of his books as a discount of thirty per cent.

A writer in the last number of the *Gazette* lays down a set of rules for dramatic composition. I know not how far a playwright needs that kind of instruction, but as he certainly requires knowledge of stage business, these canons may not be without their use. I summarize them for my friends thus:—

I. The subject of a drama must be capable of being fully treated in fifteen chapters at most.

II. The subject should be capable of being acted without the aid of narrative.

III. The subject must have a connected plot, in which one event depends on the other.

IV. The interest of the plot turns on either love or death, and generally hinges on a single action or episode.

V. Keep furniture and set-pieces out of front scenes, if possible.

VI. Put the best writing into the front scenes.

VII. Front scenes ought to terminate in a suspense, which the following scenes will relieve.

VIII. Avoid fine points, and have plenty of action at the beginning of the first act.

IX. Open the first act with a quiet picture, and bring in the disturbing element at once. Having aroused attention, bring on all your characters, and end with an excitement. Avoid bringing on characters in pairs in this act.

X. The first act should be the shortest, and as soon as a partial climax is reached, the curtain should come down. The tableau and action should indicate suspense and preparation.

XI. From the second to the last act, the interest must be regularly increased, and each act must end in suspense, leading to the next.

XII. Concentrate the interest on few characters, and avoid numerous unimportant parts.

By "front scene," the author means the narrow scene enclosed by the two "flats," and near the footlights, as distinguished from the "background" scene or background of the stage.

The following from "Harold" is handed in to me, as a reply to the charge of literary forgery preferred against him by Mr. Richard Slattery. His letter is addressed to the editor of the *CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS*:—

"The letter quoted by 'A Steele Penn' from a Quebec newspaper, in your last issue, coupled with the closing sentence of his pungent remarks, demands a brief reply. It may be well to explain the cause of Mr. Slattery's assuming the authorship of the poem in question. Some three years since, I was associated with Mr. Slattery in a literary venture, and during our intimacy, I frequently submitted my manuscript to his judgment. It was in this manner that the poem 'Sweet Eyes' came under his observation. On reading it, he suggested a few additions, here and there; we excised an obscure expression—I strove to be a little Tennysonian, at times—and I finally cut off two verses. These are the facts; and I believe I am correct in saying that the poem was never published before it appeared in the *CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS*."

It is now Mr. Slattery's turn again.

A. STEELE PENN.

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